

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

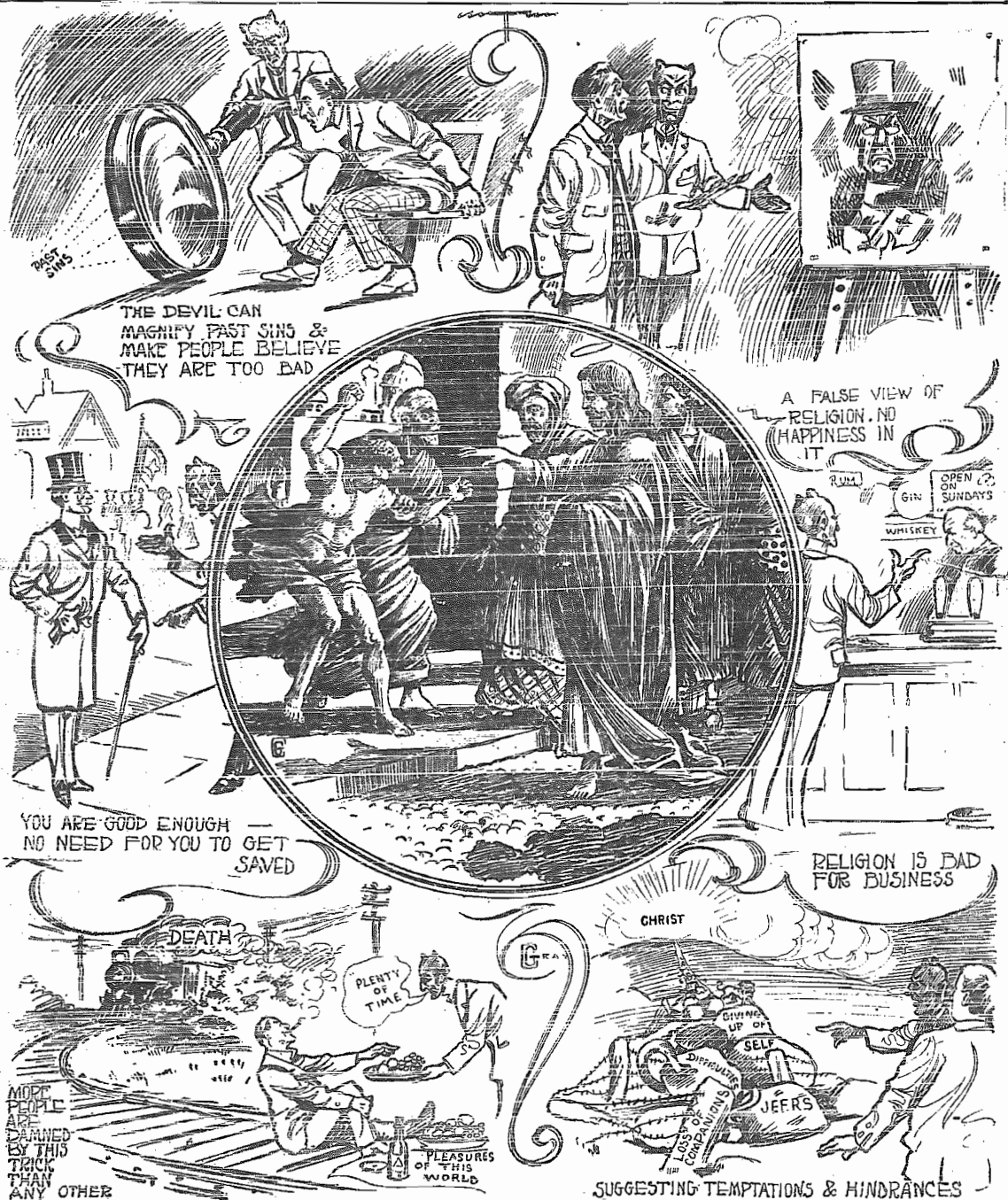
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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DELUSIONS OF THE DEVIL.

If you are unconverted, study this page. It pictorially represents the points made in his address by the Foreign Secretary in the Massey Hall. Don't let the devil delude you by any of these devices. Get saved now.



Odessa on a Saturday Night.

Commissioner Raitlen Visits Some Synagogues.

In each place, the service was so much alike that really it was almost indistinguishable to a foreign ear from the Orthodox Russian Church. Exactly the same gilded holy place, which only rabbis and priests may enter, and in which the Holy Book is kept, in each place the same ceremonies, the bringing of it out and the holding of it up, and the psalms or hymns, sung through a howling, deafening choir, with the same splendid choir singing all the time, and the same termination after the closing of the holy gates, and the final dispersal of the visible crowd. Best of all, to me was the demonstration that we with our Flag and our "young Jerusalem" in our hats, so closely follow the track in which Christ and the Apostles were accustomed to witness worship long ago, only that such outbursts with us are, I think, almost always special and spontaneous, and show an enthusiasm greatly in contrast with the stately, formal, Jewish style and more in keeping with the eager Russian genuflections that mark every stage of the march with the opened Gospel round their churches. All the world.

The Brave Czar.

An Incident Connected with Nicholas the Great.

Fifty years ago the cholera appeared for the first time in Russia. The epidemic swept all before it! Tens of thousands succumbed to its terrible onslaught! At this time Nicholas the Great was Emperor. Regardless of all considerations of personal danger, he rose to the emergency, opening hospitals, supplying doctors and doing all in his power to alleviate the suffering of his panic-stricken people.

In spite of these noble efforts, however, a rumour was circulated that the disease was an attempt on the part of the Emperor to poison his subjects wholesale, that the doctors were in league with him, and had been specially brought to the city for the purpose, and that the hospital was the centre for the carrying on of the bloodthirsty design. The report flew through the city like

wildfire. The fact that few who were taken to the hospitals ever returned alive seemed to prove the truth of the story. The fury of the people knew no bounds. Gathering together in an immense mob, they rushed towards the palace, determined that they would kill so inhuman a monster.

Meanwhile, the police and the authorities had heard of their design. Messengers had been despatched on horseback to the palace, and had acquainted the ministers, who, after ordering out the soldiers, approached the Emperor, beseeching that he would immediately make good his escape. The Emperor strode towards the palace door where the royal carriage surrounded by a military escort was awaiting him. He commanded his soldiers to remain behind. Then leaping into the carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive straight towards the crowd, whose yells could already be heard upon the air. In Russia the word of the Czar is law. A moment more, and the horses were flying full speed towards the crowd. In a few minutes they had met. Recognising the equipage, the angry mob fell back on each side. The centre reached, the carriage was drawn up, and the Emperor sprang to his feet. There he stood in their midst, alone, bareheaded and unarmed. He was then in the prime of life, tall and splendidly proportioned. Stratching out his arms, he cried in a voice of thunder, "Kneel, and let us pray!" Involuntarily the people dropped upon their knees, and the vast multitude, who had been up to that time like a furious pack of wolves, became in a moment like a flock of sheep. The courage of the Emperor had disarmed their suspicions, and, single-handed, he had won their hearts.—Indian War Cry.

London's Old Women.

How Some of Them Live.

"Thank God, I'm here again! . . . What a mercy to-morrow's Monday, and there's something to do. The worst of Sundays is yer can't get any work, and, as for picking up a penny from people that dresses fine nowadays, it's as hard as lead. Oh dear, Oh dear!"

The speaker was an old woman with a rheumatic leg, who had entered the Women's Shelter at Ilanbury Street. She sat down on the form kept in the vestibule for such friends as she. Hearing her pass the above comment to a partner in

distress, I drew nearer and took part in the talk that followed. "I've had good luck to-day," said the partner, rolling up the sleeves of a dilapidated, and apparently, second-hand cotton blouse. "I gave Mrs. Isaacs check. I did, this morning. What do you think she offered me to clean out and dust her front parlour? Can you guess?"

"Three-pence!"

"Why, that's a fortune now. Three-pence—why, I could buy a basketful of groceries with three-pence. Not 'arf! She said she could get it done now for a penny!"

"I said, 'Mrs. Isaacs, a penny for shakin' your mate, dustin' your floor, cleanin' your windows—for that's, all in the penny—and puttin' things straight. Mrs. Isaacs,' I said, 'you ought to be a keeper of a pack of wolves. Not for a shilling—no, not for a sovereign,' and so I walked out of the place, and got a job nursing Mrs. Wilkins' baby, the milkman's wife, and finished the day with six-pence, and I'm going to have two basins of soup to-night and a bath, and do some washin' to-morrow. I'm in luck's way, thank God! I only wish I could get a pair of boots for the evening. Oh, dear, though, it's a bit rough at times, ain't it? The boots are my trouble. If October's wet, what shall I do, for when I go a day with wet feet, my knee joints get the ache, and sciatika squeezes me to pieces."—The Deliverer.

Was Introduced to Lord Kelvin.

Also to the Great Lord of Lords.

One of the Ay-cay-birds, in giving his testimony, said: "The last time I saw the Adjutant I was doing a term of six months in prison, but now, thank God, I'm saved and in The Army. My wife is also a convert."

Another convert, an ex-drunkard, and gambler, who is fond of letting everybody know that he is a Revival trophy, and he was asked one day why "he" was so fond of telling everybody about God, to which he replied, "Before my conversion, I had the honour of being introduced to Lord Kelvin, and nobody gave me time to tell them about it, but everybody inquired the particulars about him. Since I have been introduced to the great Lord of Lords, and He has done so much for me, I have made up my mind that everybody shall hear about Him whether they inquire or not."—Trinitarian War Cry.

responded to the thoughtful, clever, and timely addresses of Commissioner Howard. How sweet were all the influences and comradery of it all! After my frightful illness of many months, I felt like one who had been under sentence of death, now enjoying a reprieve.

The Foreign Secretary's clearly defined enunciation of the value of utility, and the distinction between methods and principles, were of the utmost value to us at this stage of The Army's history. I wish all our Prayer Leaguers could have heard it. But your Officers will be able to explain it at length to you.

I was much impressed, as I have often been, of course, before, in the importance and value of singing, and I am glad to know it is to form so large a part of the effort in the Soul-

The Sunday Dinner.

How One Local Manages.

As regards Sunday dinners, I will write my own experience, hoping it will help some sister comrade or Local.

A Salvationist for nearly thirteen years, I have, for the past three and a half years, made every effort to attend the Sunday morning Holiness meeting, which I feel is one of the best meetings of the week, including, as it does, the reading of The General's Letters.

Having a couple of little ones to get ready for the Juniors, I at first found it a big struggle. My husband is unsaved. He expects a good hot dinner on Sundays. I make my pantry on Saturday, and prepare the vegetables at night; then, on Sunday morning, get up at 6.15, light the fire, lay breakfast, put the bacon or fish between two plates in the oven (in winter cook porridge over night, and put it in the stove to warm up in the morning) and then go to knead-drill, where I get a good blessing to start with.

Coming home, I find the kettle-boiling and everything ready for breakfast at 8.30. Breakfast over, after clearing the table, I get the water on for the pudding and vegetables, make the pudding, make the fire up, shut up the stove, put the joint in the oven, leaving the door ajar, so as to keep it from getting too hot. If there is room in the oven, I put a basin of cold water in the bottom; it saves the meat from getting burnt and keeps the oven one heat.

I then get the children ready for the Juniors, tidy up, and when quite ready myself, put the pudding and other vegetables on and leave everything ready to hand for my return. Thus I am able to be at the Juniors as well as the Holiness meeting, and on arriving home I find dinner all nicely done. Dinner over, I clear away and get off to the Juniors at two o'clock, stay to the Free-and-easy, and so on through the day.

By this means I have been able to attend every meeting, from knead-drill up to the wind-up, and to look back over the day's fighting with pleasure. I can truly say I have never had one dinner spoilt. Hallelujah! Where there's a will there's a way. All this is the outcome of trusting fully to the Lord. With Him all things are possible.

Praying that God will make these few lines a blessing to any who may read them.—The Local Officer.

Saving services. Oh, let us sing! Sing! Sing. Sing altogether in our "great congregation," or in the small crowd.

Then, dear Leaguers, of what infinite importance is prayer. Some reader may complain: "I cannot preach, or write, or sing, or even get to the meetings to testify." But, my dear one, you can pray. The early comers at The Army were so through hard work, that enthusiasm, and prayer. These are fundamental principles, and though it may be the methods of applying them have changed in some instances, the principles of success are just the same to-day. And prayer, believing, earnest, unwavering, desperate, earnest prayer, is one of the first principles to be emphasized, accepted and utilized, if the great Soul-Saving Effort is the full and sweeping success it may be.

—Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

The Praying League

Special topic for prayer: Pray for success of Commissioners' tour in the West, and for the Young People's Work.

- * * *
- Sunday, November 8th.—All Need Supplied. Phil. iv. 1-23.
- Monday, November 9th.—Spiritual mazzodoo. Col. i. 1-18.
- Tuesday, November 10th.—Exhausted Jesus Treasury. Col. i. 19-28; iv. 1-10.
- Wednesday, November 11th.—Aim High. Col. iii. 1-17.
- Thursday, November 12th.—Speak With Grace. Col. iii. 17-25; iv. 1-10.
- Friday, November 13th.—Soldiers Standard. 1 Thess. i. 1-8; ii. 1-19.
- Saturday, November 14th.—Honour Good Leaders. 1 Thess. v. 1-25.

AFTER THOUGHTS OF THE CONGRESS.

Yes, the thoughts created, the enthusiasm inspired, the resolutions formed, the blessings received still live. For many a day indeed, the memory of the Foreign Secretary's rich messages, our own Commissioner's magnetic utterances, and the ringing testimony of others, will have a large place in the hearts and minds of those who had the privilege of listening.

I think sometimes, Salvationists who live in an atmosphere of prayer and preaching and teaching, do not half appreciate it all—or at least, not to the fullest extent—until through illness or circumstances they are deprived of it.

I was only able to attend two sessions of the Councils. But how I enjoyed it! How I fastened my love of music and harmony upon the beautiful singing. How my mind and heart

The Army Officer as Visitor

An Article that Contains Facts Stranger than Fiction. Many People Would Hardly Believe Such Things are Done.

IN The Salvation Army, visiting may be said to be carried to a fine art. There is not an out-of-the-way corner of shame, a haunt of vice, a den of infamy, a lair of scallywags, card-sharps, and thieves which the true Officer does not seek to visit with his efficacious gospel of deliverance from sin. If he and particularly she can get inside, even at personal risk, so much the better; if not, he either holds a meeting under the windows, or prays upon the doorstep—leaving his visiting card behind him in the shape of a "War Cry."

The people he seeks vote him a "confounded nuisance," but they bend for him when they are ill or dying, and they respect him in the very highest sense of that word.

When he is visiting their back street saloons, and is getting his jersey soaked with the contents of a pint pot, or is tasting the whiff of defeat of being put outside by the bar-keeper, it is these very people who intercede for him, who protest that he is "a plucky an, an' ort ter be let stay," who buy his "War Cry," and even go so far as to take up a collection for him in his own cap.

A Terrible Moment.

When you read, therefore, that during the past year more than fifty-million visits to people in their homes were paid by our Officers and Local Officers, that 600,000 public-houses and saloons were also entered in the name of the Saviour of sinners, let the figures speak to you of the patience and pains, the tactfulness, courage, persistence, and selflessness which has made such visiting an everyday possibility.

Visiting in The Salvation Army, means preparedness to become either nurse, night-waiter, charwoman, cook, policeman, or preacher, at a moment's notice—to say nothing of the solos which are called for before and after, and in the middle of all kinds of trying interviews, in the most impossible of atmospheres.

What, for instance, would the two girl Officers in W— have done when locked into an underground drinking-place, with a dozen fierce men, if they could not have sung a song? Down they knelt on the filthy floor, joining their hands and shutting their eyes, hushing the ribald jokes at once with a sweet duet:—

"There is a Fountain filled with Blood!"

No escape was offered, although the blasphemy had ceased, and turn about they prayed and sang, and sang and prayed without a pause, until a gruff voice muttered:—

"Let up, Bill! Them gels is bricks—take the bar down, and set 'em safe outside."

Hundreds of Officers carry with them a literal visiting card, which sets forth their willingness to go anywhere they are called, to help anybody who needs them, at any hour of the day or night. Nor is it sentimental! A handful of pebbles wakes many of these between one and three o'clock in the morning, and they turn out as promptly as the doctor in the next street.

People of the Good Heart.

In a town in Italy, where the Officers had been greatly troubled by a public trial, in which evidence had been given against them by a very evil-looking man, the Corps had met for a half-night of prayer, to commend themselves and their distresses to God.

Midnight had passed, and across the chiming gladness of the closing hymn came a harsh and terrible scream. The man referred to lived in a house opposite the Hall. He had been very ill, but was so despondent and hated of every one, that not a soul was found willing to watch through his dying hours with the wife. Finding herself alone with his corpse, and unable to persuade anyone to come in—although she had even brought some passer-by to take pity on her—the poor woman gave way to her despair in a piercing shriek.

Without a word the Lieutenant slipped from his Captain's side, and ran over to offer his services to perhaps the only enemy he had in the world. He carefully washed and dressed the ill-conditioned body, giving it some semblance of neatness and comfort, while the worn-out wife hovered near the bed, addressing the corpse from time to time.

"Look you, husband of mine, all hated you—none would touch your body—none would help me in this hour of sorrow—none but this Salvationist. Ah, truly they have the good heart!"

It was in Ohio that an Officer found himself in a difficulty, out of which he helped himself in a way all his own. In visiting, he found the mother of six small children being carried off to hospital for a critical operation. The father earned only a meagre wage, and had already returned home in order to pay for a previous illness. Even then,

he had not the wherewithal to pay the physicians who had had to be called in to his wife subsequently, and when she was carried off to the hospital, these doctors were making an effort to have the man's wages stopped in order to pay their fees—a proceeding on the part of medical men which is rarely known.

The husband was obliged to be away all day. Actually no provision was made for these little ones, the youngest being an infant. Obviously the Captain could neither desert his own work to look after them, nor take them to his home; but he somewhat astonished the neighbours, by appropriating the whole family, and portioning them out amongst his Soldiers, one here, another there, until every chick was safe beneath the wing of some mother-hen.

It came in his day's visiting—he did not think it oddly out of his line. It needed doing, and he did it. That was all. Then he set about persuading the physicians to a better mind.

Another Officer was disturbed in the course of visiting a woman by a peculiar whining cry, which seemed to come from a cupboard under the stairs.

She asked if a little dog were shut in there, but was told there was no dog. The noise came again, and some instinct made her press for an answer.

"Oh, it's only our crazy little one," was the mother's answer. "I wish to goodness she was dead."

"A child!" gasped the girl in horror, springing to the cupboard door as she spoke.

"God's Own Angels."

There, crouched in a miserable little heap, sat a scared-looking child. It was a mass of filth, and to all appearance an imbecile. The Officer hugged it close in her arms, and soothed its trembling fright; finally, she carried it off with her to Headquarters. Both its legs were so badly frozen that the doctor feared amputation would be necessary. Its brain was injured by constant drugging. Unrelenting care and nursing, however, saved both limbs and mind, and to-day, that baby-girl is the sunshine of the home in which she has been adopted for love's sweet sake.

Some of the visiting means donning an apron and fetching a pail and scrubbing brush, washing the unclean flesh and still filthier bed-clothing of an invalid. Yet the Officer—and it must be a woman for this work—is content if she can only produce the effect seen in the room and person and soul of one old woman to whom they thus ministered with unrelenting devotion. With her eyes shining with love, she pointed them out to the writer, and simply said, "They are God's own angels to me, me dear." No words she knew could reach further than that, and they had not only cared for her body, but brought her soul into intimate relation with the Lord Himself.

Quite another type of visiting is to be found in the woman who got saved piecemeal, of whom we heard from her visitor the other day.

"She taught me the patience of faith," said the Officer, reminiscently. "When I visited her first she had not slept all night; she was 'upset,' she said, but did not know what was the matter. I soon found out. She had been to our meeting the night before, and the Holy Spirit was troubling her on account of sin. But that day I could do no more than show her the cause. I found her slow—but I didn't guess how slow!"

I called again in a day or two, and spent that half-hour in getting her to the point of being sorry for her sin, but not a step farther. The next time I had to spend an hour in persuading her to forgive some one who had wronged her. Nothing could be done until that was out of the way.

What "Pegging Away" Did.

For three weeks I got her one step further nearly every day; there seemed so many doubts to settle and wrongs to put right. Every day I got her to pray aloud, and define the advance she had made, so that she could not go back a single step. Her mind seemed incapable of going from one standpoint to the next, and so right on into Christ Himself in one interview, as most people do. Well, I pegged away, and she came slowly on every day, kneeling on the spot, and getting a little further than yesterday, until at last, having intelligently accepted Christ, and rejoiced in His mercy, she reached the point of confessing Him to others.

When she told her husband, he gave himself to God too, right there on the spot—he must have seemed rather a breathless proceeding to her—and I swore them both in as Soldiers.

"They attended the meetings regularly, and, under the teaching received, she saw the necessity and

(Continued on page 14.)



Publication-Sergeant Mrs. Maundrell,
of Sarnia Corps.
Who is a Successful War Cry Seller.

LEAVES FROM THE T. PLANT

One of Our Special Visitors Records
His Impressions of New Ontario.

The Councils were a real inspiration to all who were privileged to be present. Evidences of this are apparent all around. Officers all along the line are unanimous in their verdict: "The best yet."

Nearly seventeen years have elapsed since I last visited Huntsville. On that occasion we received hospitality at the hands of Brother Gledhill, who was a stalwart Salvationist. It was refreshing to meet him again, and to have the pleasure of staying at his home, and especially to find him "travelling on the good old way," and working away as the Treasurer of the Corps, proud to be a Soldier.

We called in at Burk's Falls, for an extra meeting, and although there was only time for a short announcement, Lieut. Puntree worked hard to make the best known, and was rewarded by a packed hall and an enthusiastic meeting, which proved a real lift, by the way.

What a wonderful place Cobalt is! I have visited the gold mining regions of South Africa and Australia, but this seems to be the most wonderful of all—at any rate from many standpoints. For instance, the splendid lot of men, the absence of drunkenness and swearing, their superior intelligence, and keen respect for religion. I shall not soon forget the unique open-air crowds, composed almost entirely of men. The way they gathered round and listened with profound attention to all the "Army folk" was indeed an exception all and inspiring sight. I believe that a number of them are on the edge of the kingdom. The converts of Cobalt are fine specimens. It is grand to see these men step fearlessly into the ring and face the big crowds of their fellow-workmen with a clear, definite and sincere testimony of the work of grace wrought in their hearts by love Divine. Ensign and Mrs. Calvert are full of faith that this revival spark will be fanned into a mighty flame, and are working hard for that end. God bless the Silver City.

God continues to be with us on our tour, and we are experiencing some remarkable gatherings. At each



The Brandon Harvest Festival Display.

Commissioner Cadman IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

**Indescribable Waves of Glory Come Upon the People—
Sinners Rush to the Mercy Seat—Inspiring
Welcomes Everywhere.**

Commissioner Cadman and revival fire are close companions, and just now both are very much in evidence in Newfoundland.

At Belle Island the devil was routed and scenes of indescribable rejoicing were witnessed.

Fresh from Belle Island victories, the Commissioner attacked the devil at St. John's. Sunday morning's meetings saw a row of earnest men and women wrestling for the truthness of the Message. At night the barracks was gorged, and as the crowd listened to the prophet of God, their hearts were laid bare. At last a man came to the penitent form, followed by a woman, who cried mightily for deliverance. On they came; saints got the glory, sinners got salvation. The Commissioner danced, the Colonel beamed and shouted, the fire descended, Heaven's bells pealed, the devil howled, and with a noise like that of many waters, the building resounded again and again. It was a great time. But if Sunday night was great, what shall we say of Monday night? "The Conversion of Saul," was the Commissioner's theme. All day the Commissioner had been in communion with God, and he came to the meeting to win souls. The searchlight was turned on, and the Holy Ghost took hold of the crowd.

The first man rushed to the penitent form, followed by another and another, until twenty-five were crying aloud to God. There were no whispered prayers. It was a desperate personal battle in each case. How they prayed and wrestled. Then the glory came. The pen completely falls here, and only those who have experienced a rouser in Newfoundland, could understand such scenes. Altogether, sixty souls came to the Cross at Belle Island and St. John's.

The Commissioner is being wonderfully upheld, and glories in the fight.

place visited so far we have had "fall houses," and in some instances we were reluctantly compelled to turn the people away, every available space being filled. The meetings are creating widespread interest and attention, many outsiders being brought beneath The Army influence. We are rejoicing over some good

Pray for him, that his strength fail not. We are not troubled about his faith, it is of the "move mountains" brand, but we want your prayers that strength of body shall be granted him to go through his long, and by no means easy Campaign.

The next place visited was Tilt Cove. The Commissioner looked round the little town, with its five hundred or so inhabitants, and wondered where the crowd was to come from, but before the day was over he was convinced that the crowd could be had. Especially was this so on Sunday night, when, packed like sardines in a box, over two hundred sat breathless and eager as the burning truths were hurled forth. In the afternoon, Ensign Oxford took all the children to the school in order to make room for the adults at the Hall.

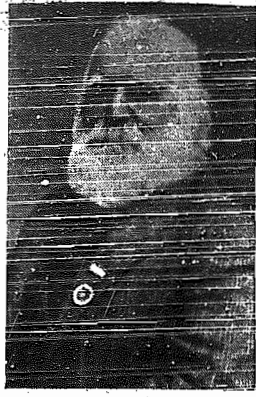
On Monday night faith was high for the salvation of many who had been wounded during Sunday's battle, and we were not disappointed. God the Holy Ghost worked mightily, and again the shouts of victory rent the air. When the close came, and the suits were summed up, twenty-four adults and ten children had been to the fountain. To God be the Glory!

On Tuesday night the building was gorged again, with a congregation, that for over two hours listened with intense interest to the Commissioner's "Life Story."

The wind being favourable, and our journey having to be done now by schooner, we left Tilt Cove on Wednesday morning, October 14th, and in due course reached Jackson's Cove, which was our next appointment. As we entered the harbour, flags were flying on every side, and then first from one house and then from another, all round the cove, came reports of firearms. Volley after volley was fired, and the hills echoed and re-echoed, announcing to all that Commissioner Cadman had

cases of conversion. Last Sunday night a dear woman, whose husband had recently been converted, volunteered to the mercy seat, and now they have salvation at both sides of the fireplace.

Music and song is touching the hearts of men, and bringing them back to God.—Tom Plant, Major.



Father Earle, of Brandon.
Who won the Corps first prize for II. F. collecting.

arrived, and thus filling the double part of welcome and announcement. With two guns aboard the schooner we replied, and Royalty could not have had a more inspiring and fiery reception. The Commissioner was announced to give his "Life Story," here, and the building was packed and crowds stood around the open windows, and before we finished up it was as the Commissioner described it, "like a box of matches, all ablaze." Nearly every adult in the place was present, and God again was with us, wonderfully helping the Commissioner, and taking hold of the people. Jesus was lifted up and twelve came to the cross.

Little Bay Island was the next battlefield, and for this place we sailed on Friday morning, in the good ship "Hagar," skipper Sergt. Major Manuels at the wheel, and Ensigne Salisbury and Oxford, and Lieutenant Keeple as part of the crew. A most pleasant sail under a summer sky, brought us to our destination. The difficult task of entering this harbour against wind and tide was successfully accomplished, and again flags were flying and welcome volleys were fired on shore.

The Orange Hall, seating two hundred people, was packed to the doors. The Commissioner's Life Story again was told, but as time went on, a tack was made, and we steered straight for the fountain. The fire from heaven fell, and no tongue can describe the scene that followed. Men rushed out and flung themselves at the Cross weeping and crying aloud. At 11.00 we closed, amidst dancing, shouting and rejoicing. Sixteen knelt at the Cross.

This fiery prophet of God seems to be all life, and refuses to leave the ship until the last soul surrenders. We are now at Pelley's Island, and the spirit of victory is with us. Look out for news of still greater victory. Fifty-two adults and ten children have been the total results of the past week's campaign.—J. B.

We thank God for another victorious week-end at Midland. Three souls sought Christ on Sunday afternoon, and ten more came forward at night. The Bandsmen and Soldiers led on by Ensign and Mrs. Percy, laboured faithfully. The last convert was a mother, who rushed out to the mercy seat just as the Doxology was being sung. Her two little children knelt with her as she asked God to save her.—War Cor.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Died to Save Others.

A story of heroism is reported from Port Arthur, and Malcolm McGregor, of Owen Sound, now lies beneath the waters of the Great Lakes as a result of his brave, but ineffectual attempt to assist people in danger. He was first mate of the steamer "Scottish Hero," and volunteered to go to the help of some persons who were endangered by a fire on the American shore. Four of the crew offered to go with him, and they set out in a yawl boat. It was pitch dark and the sea was running so high that no headway could be made whatever.

After battling against the waves until it was apparent that all attempts to reach the shore would be futile and the boat had begun to fill with water, they turned to return to the steamer. When they reached her side, the yawl boat was practically full of water, and the men all but perished with cold and exhaustion. A rope ladder was thrown over to them, and the four of the crew succeeded in hanging on, to be taken aboard one by one, until the mate alone was left. The rope was thrown to him and he was hauled part of the way up, but before he could be taken aboard his strength gave out, and he dropped into the blackness of the water. Though every attempt possible was made, he could not be found.

School Teacher's Heroism.

A thrilling story of the coolness and bravery of a young school teacher during a time of peril, comes from Michigan. She was teaching her pupils when a forest fire swept down upon the school house. Marshalling the children in a double row, she directed the leaders to head for a ploughed field nearby. Burning embers fell thick, but the teacher kept the children crowded close together, and every ember was extinguished. The instant it fell upon any child's clothing.

The fire burned steadily for some time, as the blaze in the tops of the trees ate its way down. During the night two bears made their appearance. A fox came slinking in, and did also a cat, a rabbit, part of a pig and other game; but the animals kept well away from the children.

Miss Barber kept her charges in the field all Thursday night, and in the morning sent them home in groups, piloting the smaller ones herself.

London's Police Statistics.

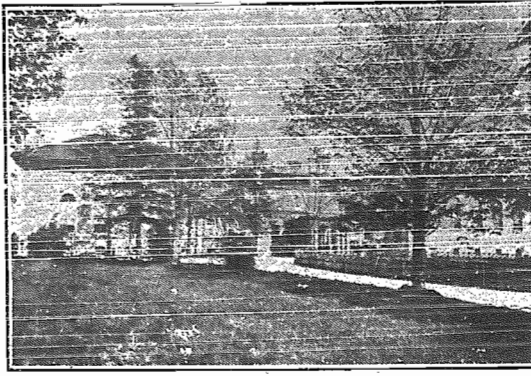
The report of the Commissioners of Police of the Empire's metropolises, for 1907, shows that as the end of the year, London's police numbered 12,818. The pay drawn amounted to over \$7,762,700.

Withdrawals on account of illness, averaged 490 daily, and 2,552 policemen were injured in the execution of their duty. During the 1908 period were killed and 712 persons in street accidents—an increase of 71 deaths and 2,712 injuries over 1906. Motor omnibuses accounted for 35 deaths and 1,108 cases of injury; motor-cars for 55 deaths and 906 cases of injury, the figures in each case showing a large increase. Horse omnibuses were responsible for 14 deaths. The total number of persons apprehended during the year was 168,24, a decrease of 11,613 on the figures of the previous year, but burglaries increased from 445 to 547, and house-breaking from 1,459 to 1,962.

The Curse of China.

According to the testimony of doctors and missionaries in China, the moral degradation of the Chinese, owing to their indulgence in opium, is something appalling. In every city and village—nay, in almost every home—in China, the process is going on, and parents and friends stand by with bleeding hearts, watching the rising tide of ruin which they are utterly powerless to stem.

The heart-broken wail of the mother, "My son smokes opium,"



Rideau Hall, Ottawa, the Residence of Earl Grey, the Governor General. Where Commissioner Howard was received by His Excellency.

might be translated "My son is no longer my son: he has lost every characteristic which endeared him to me, and made me dear to him." The bitter cry of the father, "Curse upon the foreign dirt, and upon the foreigners who bring it," means that the very light of his eyes has been turned into darkness by the effects of opium upon the boy of whom he was so proud.

Great Britain is blamed as being largely responsible for this state of affairs, owing to her encouragement of the opium traffic.

Women Detectives.

On the railways of Great Britain the woman detective is proving very useful in detecting frauds on the companies.

To all outward appearances the detective is an ordinary lady passenger. She travels about, taking her own ticket from place to place, and there is absolutely nothing to distinguish her from the hosts of other women who use the line. But she is always on the watch, listening to stray pieces of conversation that may point to a ticket fraud upon the company, and with a ready eye for any irregularity on the part of the uniformed staff.

Sometimes she travels in a wrong class carriage to ascertain if receipts for excess payments are properly given and sometimes with overweight luggage for the same purpose.

The Problem of Life.

Great attempts are now being made by scientists to solve the secret of a longer life for the human race. Dr. Doyen, a famous French scientist, recently made the remarkable statement, that "Preservation of life through several centuries depends solely on man."

His theory is that if colds, chest diseases and bronchitis can be suppressed, which complaints are often

the primal causes of rheumatism, mankind will be free from all other diseases which prey upon them. Another eminent man has expressed his opinion that in order to prolong human life it will first be necessary to determine the causes of old age. These learned men evidently deal only with the bodies, which, after all, are but the earthly tabernacles of the soul. What does it matter whether we live seventy years or seven hundred in them, as long as we are conscious that we are doing the will of God?

"He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life," is the glad message, which cheers the heart of the believer, and happy in that assurance, he patiently awaits the day till his change come and he be forever with the Lord.

Counterfeiters Punished.

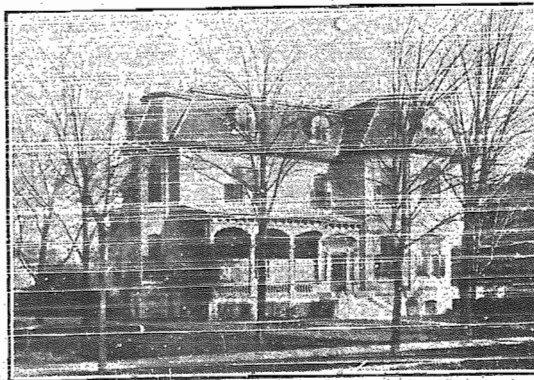
Two men—Thomas and Milton Crozier, father and son—were recently sentenced to nine and two years respectively, for passing counterfeit bills. Their operating plant was discovered on a small farm near Buffalo, and bad bills were found to the value of \$3,645.

In a deserted old house were discovered rubber stamps and letters, forty-seven engraving tools, with sets of United States silver certificates and Canadian bank bills. The officers also found buried under an old barn on the premises a front plate of the United Empire Bank of Canada \$5.00 notes, and parts of finished and unfinished plates.

It is expected that more arrests will follow, and the police hope to rid the country of this bad gang. Sin is sure to find people out, sooner or later.

A Knockout for Pagilists.

A hard blow has been dealt to paganism by the Police Commissioner of New York. For some years past



The Home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier.

this degrading sport has been reviving in a quiet way, but now an order has been issued to police inspectors to stop every boxing bout scheduled to take place in the city, and not allow any such things in the future.

There are many who talk about the "noble art of self-defence," and who would glorify pugilism as an ennobling pastime. It is only too apparent, however, that it leads to the utter demoralisation of those who engage in it.

The liquor men and the sporting fraternity are the chief supporters of pugilism, and a sport with such props as that, is hardly likely to be an elevating one. It is a menace to the youth of this continent, and we are glad that it has received a knock-out blow in at least one city.

After Fifty Years.

A striking example of the power of a consecrated life, is to be seen in the state of affairs now existing in the Gilbert Islands, far out in the Pacific Ocean.

Fifty years ago, Hiram Bingham and his wife, went from Hawaii to the Gilbert Islands, five thousand miles south-west of San Francisco, then inhabited by a tribe of cannibals. "Sullen, passionate, cruel and treacherous, as they were described by navigators of that day. Last November, thirty thousand Christian Gilbertese met to celebrate the emergency of their race from savagery to civilisation. All the pastors of these people have been trained by their first missionary, and eleven thousand copies of his translation of the Bible have been sold. Two thousand religious books are bought by these people annually. Dr. Bingham still lives, although an invalid, in his native Honolulu, at the time of the semi-centennial jubilee he received from the islanders a letter full of love and gratitude.

England's Unemployed.

In bringing forward the matter of the unemployed in England, Mr. Asquith said that the Government was prepared to provide a fund of \$1,500,000, that the Admiralty was giving orders for the building of nine torpedo boat destroyers and three armoured cruisers, to cost \$35,500,000 two months earlier than intended, and that the War Office was ready to take on 24,000 men for winter training in the special reserves.

It is to be hoped that these measures will tide the unfortunate men over the winter.

A Two-Cent Rate.

It is apparent that not everybody yet knows of the reduction in the postage rates between Great Britain and the United States, for many letters still bear 2½d stamps.

It is anticipated that the increase in the correspondence with the United States will be steadily growth, and that there will not be a very large addition to the mails owing to the letter-writing of the poorer classes, at any rate immediately. Doubtless, as the reduction of the postal rate becomes more widely known among them, the working-classes will avail themselves of it on a larger scale, especially as Christmas approaches.

It is nearly ten years since penny postage to Canada became an accomplished fact, and the volume of correspondence in that period has increased more than four-fold. The following cablegram was recently sent by the Postmaster-General of the United States to Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain:

"Congratulations on the inauguration of two cent postage between the United States of America and United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. May it lead to even closer relations between the two nations."

Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse, while you are dressing.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Billy the Bully.

"No boys, I can't stand your joking. If you want to laugh at Freddy, you and I must part."

Billy, the biggest known bully in the little Ontario town, and leader of the "roughs," spoke thus to his followers, as they lounged at the street corner, where an Army open-air meeting was in progress. Freddy, a young Army convert of a few months' standing, was giving his testimony at this particular moment, and the scoffers were jeering and laughing for all they were worth.

Then Billy the bully chimed in, and a hush fell upon the group scattered around him.

"Yes, fellows," he continued, "Freddy's not going to be laughed at while I'm about. I work beside him in the workshop, and I know that he lives up to the testimony he has just given, so there," and strange to say, the laughing ceased.

Billy's chums wondered what had come over their stalwart leader, and they were more surprised when some months later, Billy, through the influence of Freddy's life and testimony, was led to Christ, and finally became a preacher of the Gospel.

Run Off the Globe.

An amusing little incident was told in a recent Congress meeting, by Major Plant, one of our visitors from across the "Pond."

The Major was doing a week-end at a certain corps in England. The Saturday night open-air meeting was in full swing, and a great crowd listened breathlessly to all that the visitors had to say and do.

By and bye, the veteran Sergeant-Major strode into the ring and, in stentorian tones, announced that "Major and Mrs. Plant, the travelling Army musicians, who had travelled all round the world, and a few other places besides, would conduct great musical meetings in The Army Hall tonight."

And the crowd was still more breathless, until someone began to laugh.

The Army Lassie's Warning.

At a drill in the Temple one Sunday morning, a newly-arrived comrade got up and gave the following testimony:—

"A year ago," he said, "I was a drunkard and a blasphemer. One day, however, I met a cheerful little Salvationist Army lassie, not long out from a Training Home, and her words went to my heart. After speaking to me for some time about my spiritual condition, she finally said, 'I thank God still loves you, though He hates your sin.'"

"I thought over those words for three weeks before I could believe that God still loved me. Then I knelt at the Army penitent form at St. John Hill, and cried to God for mercy. I said, 'Oh, Lord, I know I'm a desperate sinner, and I'm on the way to hell, but before I get there I'll seek Thy salvation.' I didn't seek long, for God soon came to save me, and I got the assurance that the black spot all wiped out. Bless His name. There was

great rejoicing in that little Corps over my salvation. I thank God that He ever sent Lieutenant Andrews, for that was the lassie's name. God bless her, to speak those words of warning and hope to me."

Stick to the Testimony Meeting.

Major Rawlings recently related a few facts concerning his conversion, which took place twenty-five years ago. The Army was not so much respected in Canada then as it is now, and the Soldiers always had faith for a shower of things to descend on them whilst on the march or holding an open-air meeting. Their expectations were rarely disappointed, for all sorts of missiles would be hurled at them—bad eggs and rotten fruit being especially selected by the crowd.

One day the future Major was

Sensible and Successful Advertising.

What had gone wrong with the Officers of their Army Corps, the townfolk of Uxbridge could not make out, when the former, together with Captain Matlier, the G. B. M. Agent, and Captain Potter, of Kinmount, appeared on the streets, attired in frock coats, white ties, and plug hats, and, strange to say, these gentlemen carried two drums and brass instruments. Whatever was happening?

The people rushed from their houses and stores, as the group made their way down the principal streets, and stopped at every street corner to snuff the people of the Household Service on Monday night, by Captain Matlier.

One old lady nearly went into hysterics when she saw—or thought she saw—"three of the church ministers" marching the streets with The



It was a Testimony Did It.

The car bell-roped at that moment received a sudden jerk, and one man, with fangs dropped low, stepped off the car.

The Army on the Spot.

A young Officer was out on his War Cry round. At one place the good lady of the house invited him to rest and have dinner, which he did.

Before finishing the repast, a loud noise, and the sound of running feet was heard. The Lieutenant jumped to his feet, and as he left the house saw a woman madly calling the people to follow her. Our Officer ran them all, and arrived first at the spot where a man had been buried alive under the earth, which had caved in on him, whilst digging a well. He immediately set to work to dig the poor fellow out, and, only by his presence of mind, energy, and the after assistance of the crowd, which quickly gathered, was the half-suffocated man rescued and restored to life again.

Swish! Splash! Ugh!

Rather timidly, a young woman Salvationist walked up to the little path to the open door of No. 7, M—Street, with a bucket of War Cry under her arm. She gave a little rap at the door, and then espied the hallway leading through the house.

"What? I buy a War Cry?" the woman almost shrieked. "No, I wouldn't buy a—"

"Get out of here, or I'll drown you." And, snatching up her bucket of hot, dirty water, she gave it a swing, and threw the whole contents as she supposed, over the Army lassie. But the water was too quick for her, and, sharply closed the door, through which she saw the muddy contents of the bucket dash against the inside of the door, and rebound over the unfortunate person inside, drenching her from head to foot.

It pays to be kind.

ON DRESS PARADE.

It is easy enough to obey, boys. In the glittering ranks on parade: But the steady recruit gives a steady salute.

When his rifle is changed to a spade,

It is easy to sing and to smile, boys. When the sky is unclouded and blue:

But to smother good cheer when the weather is drear

Is a thing that is harder to do.

ROOTS OF EVIL.

"If you cling to any little evil remaining in your heart, God Himself will not be able to cast that evil out! What is evil? Anything in the heart which God does not like is sin. The remains of pride, of selfishness, of lust, of worldly spirit are hateful to God and hurtful to you."

"Is it not true that some of you have suffered more 'humiliation' because of the remains of sin in your heart than you suffered because of all your evil-doing in the days gone by?"—The Chief of the Staff.



A Good Advertising Device—(see Paragraph.)

induced to attend a meeting. He does not remember much about the singing or preaching, but one thing that stuck in his memory, was the testimony of one of the converts.

It was something like this: "Many of you people know me. I used to be a builder and contractor in this city, but drink got hold of me, and I became a wretched drunkard, and neglected my wife and child, and brought them down to a destitute condition. Now, thank God, I am cured and happy, and have a good home once more."

"That's good anyway," thought young Rawlings. He continued to attend The Army meetings, and a few months afterwards knelt at the penitent form and sought salvation. A year later, he became a Cadet, and since then he has had a happy, successful and useful career as a Salvation Army Officer, now being the Chief Officer of our Property Department in Canada.

There is nothing like a good Army testimony meeting for impressing people of the reality of salvation.

There is no prayer without praise. Let no day pass without personal secret communion with God.

Army Captain, and beating drums.

Needless to say, this novel method proved to be "very novel," for the Hth was crowded out on the night of the special service.

Let's have more of this.

A Sudden Reward.

"Say, Bill, those Army chaps are always after collections, ain't they, now?"

Bill nodded his assent, and then glanced slyly at the Salvationist sitting just opposite him in the street car. It was harvest festival time, and our Soldier friend had taken the opportunity of asking a few persons in the car for donations towards his target.

Bill was not quite so outspoken as his chum, who was trying hard to jolly our comrade, and wished that his noisy neighbor would stop his unkind remarks.

But he did not have to wish long, for a man who had anxiously watched the men put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a greenback, and placed it in the hands of the Salvationist. "I believe in you people and your work," he added.



"Brother, God Still Loves You."

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Chief of the Staff. The Chief of the Staff conducted his last Spiritual Day with the Cadets in the present Training Session, on October 20th. The Commissioning will take place on November 2nd, in the Congress Hall, and the Cadets are getting very anxious to know whether their destinations will be North, South, East, or West, or "over the water."

Under Foreign Secretary. Lieut.-Colonel Pearce, the newly-appointed Under Foreign Secretary, will be taking up his duties in the Foreign Office about the end of October. The Colonel will be on somewhat familiar ground, as he was a Secretary in the Foreign Office some thirteen years ago.

Lieut.-Colonel Pearce, The Colonel, whose health has been very unsatisfactory for some considerable time past, is now making good progress towards recovery.

GERMANY.

Commissioning of Cadets. Commissioned forty-four Cadets in the large Hall which we have lately acquired in Berlin. The meeting finished with over twenty souls at the penitential form.

The General's Visit. Arrangements are being made for The General to visit Germany during the latter part of November. The programme includes meetings in the huge Circus Busch, at Berlin, on Repentance Day, Wednesday, November 13th, which are to be followed by Officers' Councils in Berlin. Afterwards, the important cities of Breslau, Chemnitz, Dresden, and Leipzig, and perhaps one or two other places are to be visited.

Lieut.-Colonel Cooke is experiencing great times of blessing in his Berlin Campaign. For the first nine days, over three hundred souls have come forward, sixty being children.

There were some remarkable confessions of wrong—many of dishonesty, and some restitution has been made, and more is being made, the sum varying from £15 down to expense. One young woman confessed to a former mistress that she had stolen six pocket-handkerchiefs. An educated man confessed that many years ago he had deceived a Government department. He has written, confessing, and awaits the result. A young man of independent means, has confessed to gross sins for the last eighteen years. Now he says he is free and wishes to devote his life to help others. Families are being reconciled, and many soldiers are now desperately in earnest about seeking the salvation of others.

A League has been formed to fight impurity, under the name of The "Salvation Army White War League."

JAPAN.

The opening of our new Students' Institute in Tokyo, went off very successfully. A crowd of people, who were unable to get inside, climbed on to the roof of the neighbouring houses, and remained there, in spite of the rain, until the end of the proceedings, looking down through the



Swiss Officers On Their Way To a Meeting.

There are lots of mountains in Switzerland, so they have a good deal of climbing to do.

open windows upon the congregation inside.

There is a Hall holding three hundred, which will be used exclusively for meetings for the students, and there is accommodation in the Home for sixty students, who will board and lodge at the Institution.

Count Okuma, the former Prime Minister, was unable to be present on account of the serious illness of his daughter, but several other prominent gentlemen were present and spoke upon the advantages afforded by the new building.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

Passing Officers. Our comrades in Ceylon have had brief visits from Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard, and also from Major Bonwick and party, the destination of all these comrades being Korea. Major Bonwick was able to make a longer stay than Colonel Hoggard, so took part in a meeting at the Naradana Hall, Colombo.

Open-Air Campaign. A Special Open-air Campaign on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, is being held in the public thoroughfares in Colombo. Hundreds of people are being reached with the message of salvation through these meetings.

AUSTRALIA.

Lieut.-Colonel Birkenhead. In November, Lieut.-Col. Birkenhead, who is the Principal of the Melbourne Training Garrison, is hoping to celebrate his 25th anniversary Officership, and the 30th anniversary of his becoming a Salvationist. The

Colonel testifies that his enthusiasm for souls to-day is as great as at any time during his experience.

GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMA.

Musical Instrument and Printing Departments' Success.

The beautiful set of instruments, exhibited by The Salvation Army Musical Department, have been admired by all who have visited the Army stall at the White City.

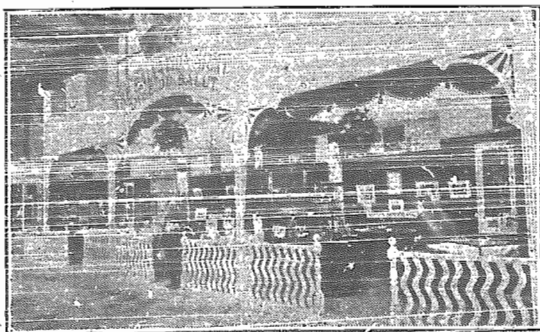
In recognition of the fine workmanship of the instruments, the exhibition authorities have awarded The Army a gold medal.

The department, it may be mentioned, has, so far, only exhibited twice, securing a gold medal each time. The first occasion was at the New Zealand Exhibition last year.

At The Army's stall at the White City, two sets of instruments (silver-plated and brass) ranging from soprano to monster, and including the drums, were shown. They totalled in all, thirty-three pieces, and were valued at over £350. Our own patent Eb trombone was among the number.

The instruments were not made specially for the occasion, but were taken from stock. Every article, it may also be mentioned, was made throughout at our St. Alban's Factory.

In the Printing Section, too, at the Franco-British Exhibition, The Army has been awarded a gold medal for book-binding, and a diploma of



The Army's Stall at the Franco-British Exhibition, London, England.

honour for general printing. The exhibit included some very fine specimens of both these branches.

A WORD TO SEEKERS AFTER HOLINESS.

(Continued from page 7.)

For instance, you will submit to God, and when you have submitted, your own consciousness will assure you of that fact. It surely will; and, besides the witness of your own consciousness, you have this promise of God, "And if in any thing ye may be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." If you have not yielded all, and you are honestly seeking light, He will reveal it unto you. Bishop Taylor, of Africa, says, "All the feeling I seek, in order to the maintenance of a perfect faith in Jesus, is the consciousness of my perfect submission to His will."

That evening I saw the sister again, and asked her to come to the altar. Said she, "I will go with this lady by my side; for her, but not for myself; for I have committed myself to God, and shall trust Him till the witness of my acceptance comes." I silently praised the dear Lord, for I was sure He would not disappoint her, nor keep her waiting long.

The next day she was in the meeting; her face was full of sunshine. It was evident that the days of her mourning were ended, and her everlasting light had come. At the earliest opportunity she arose, and related her experience, telling us that in the night God awoke her with a kiss of love, and gave her the clear witness of the Spirit that she was entirely sanctified, putting glory in her heart, and hallelujahs on her tongue.

Dear seeker, consecration is not entire sanctification. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation. There must be entire consecration, "unwavering faith, and a frank, unfeigned confession of both to Jesus." This is man's part, and, when these simple conditions are met and steadfastly maintained, against all contrary feelings, God will suddenly come into His holy temple, filling the soul with His presence, purity, and power. This twofold work constitutes the one experience of entire sanctification. When this experience is yours, at your very earliest opportunity confess it before men; put yourself on record before three witnesses. Give all the glory to Jesus, confidently assert your faith in Him, and He will keep you against every assault of the adversary. "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

IN GOOD CONDITION.

Under the leadership of Captain March and Captain Lee, Chatham, N. B., is holding its own very well. Notwithstanding the drawbacks of a hot summer, our targets have been smashed and the Captains have pursued their tasks with unflinching interest. We are in good condition financially, and spiritually.

Two backsliders returned to God recently. Captain Hamilton was with us a short time ago. —Sergeant Gray.

The Army Officer as Visitor.

(Continued from page 3.)

Will you believe it? I had to take her over into that by stages too, visit after visit, step by step. There was a good deal of restitution to do, even from her far-back girlhood, and I went to various business firms, as we settled going after point. Then her children had all been trained with the idea of a musical career—they were named after the great masters, and she had to reach the point of dedicating them to God for His service, whether musical or otherwise; and there were other things.

"But we got through, and I saw that women in full uniform, testifying to an experience of God she really possessed in all the details of her life. You couldn't guess what she did—she worked round that place on the carpet, where she had so often knelt, in red cotton, as a reminder of the definite steps she had taken upon her knees. I don't think she has ever so much as dreamed of going back on one of them. 'Twas slow work, but very sure."

Perhaps there are few people who would try to "visit" through a keyhole—but we know one. She was a girl-Captain who had frequently spoken to a man who haunted her operations, but who seemed quite indifferent to all she said. Then she missed him. By dint of numerous inquiries she found the house where he had rooms, only to have the door banged in her face by his wife. He was ill, possibly drunk, she told her, but the woman obstinately refused to let any canting Salvationist come near.

The Officer formed a habit of passing that way, and watching for her chance. One day she saw the wife set forth on a shopping expedition, and, waiting until she was out of earshot, she slipped back to the house and up to his door. It was locked.

Bending down to the keyhole, she cried:—

"Are you there, Mr. S—?"

"Who is it?" asked a quivering voice.

"The Salvation Army Captain. May I come in?"

"My wife always locks the door when he goes out, but I do wish I could see you. I'm so ill."

"Are you saved?"

"No. Oh, God, if I only were!"

"Listen! Repeat after me—The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanse us from all sin."

Filteringly, through the keyhole, the words drifted back.

"Now, ask God that Christ's Blood may cleanse you this instant, as you lie there."

"Yes, I do."

"Now, believe that He can do it"—a pause. "Now trust Him that He does do it."

Silence for a moment or two. Then a sound of joyous sobbing.

"Captain—I believe—no, no, I know—Captain, I know I'm saved! My sins are all blotted out—now!"

"Then shout Hallelujah!" directed the girl; "you inside, and I'll shout it out here. . . . That's it. Now, we'll sing—you have heard the words—sing it with me:—

"My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!"

There was a crash in the passage. The wife had returned, and dropped her basket of goods in sheer amazement at the sound. The Captain had done her visiting to some purpose that day!

MISSING.

(Second insertion.)

6855. ALLEN, HARRY. Married; age 32; height 5 ft. 2 in.; brown eyes and dark brown hair; tall complexion; two marks on cheek. Quiet talker; assurance evident. Since August, 1908, has been missing. Wife anxious for him.

6856. ARNOLD, JOSEPH S. Left his home on May 14th, 1901. Last heard of in lumber camp No. 1, in Red Deer, Vancouver Island, in fall of 1903; dark hair; blue eyes; height 5 ft. 8 in.

6890. PETERS, TESSIE. Will Tessie Peters (went under the name of Mrs. Frank Carpenter) last heard of four years ago, as being at St. Antoine, Texas, communicate with above address.



"Wedding Party Just Married at Nelson, B. C."

The above is all that reached us with the photograph, so we must leave it to our readers to find out whether there were two couples married or one, and what were the names of the comrades married.

Moral.—Never send us a photograph without putting full particulars concerning it on the back.

6887. NARVESEN, OSKAR; Norwegian; age 22; left Norway and came to Canada in 1906; last heard of in March, 1908, at Hardisty, Alta. He wrote home that he was going to Edmonton as a farmer. He has been engaged in railway work. He has blonde blue eyes. Family are anxious.

6874. REED, JOHN HENRY BADGER. Last address was Fort Francis P. O. Age 6 ft. 4 in.; fair hair, blue eyes; pale complexion; cast in left eye; carpenter by trade. Not heard from since May, 1903.

6868. FOWLER, EMILY and HELEN. The eldest is about 25 and the other 15. Came out to Canada to Dr. Barnardo's Home, and have been in domestic service. One has hair and the other brown hair both have grey eyes and fair complexion. Father enquires. Were in Toronto when last heard of.

6779. PAGE, ARTHUR. May be clean shaven; dark brown eyes and hair getting grey behind the ears; fresh complexion; height 5 ft. 7 in.; has tattoo marks on both arms; may be with woman with full blue eyes, projecting teeth, dark hair and has a child a year old. May be in Toronto, Ont.

6877. McDONALD, ALEXANDER. Went out to the West two years ago and has not been heard from for ten

months. Age 23; height 5 ft. 6 in.; medium brown eyes, dark reddish hair, oval features; skin very fair. Was in Indian Head and Southey. Sent some post cards to his sisters from Belkiva last October. Mother anxious.

6860. MENHENNET, WILLIAM. Age about 22; came out from Cornwall last spring. May be a Salvationist. Formerly worked in the oil trade. Sister enquires.

6849. LONEY, THOMAS. Age 23; single; over 5 ft. in height; has brown hair and brown eyes, and darkish complexion. May work on railway. Missing since September, 1907, and was then at Comberfield, Ont. Mother enquires.

6895. DAVIES, G. A. Painter, age 26 or 27; height 5 ft. 5 in.; rather thin face; long, dark moustache, twisted at corners; wears brown suit. A wife, a father and mother, and a sick child are anxiously waiting for news concerning the above. Last heard of in Toronto.

6912. THOMAS, CHARLES J. Age 36; height 5 ft. 8 in.; and of fair complexion. Left England four years last July. News wanted.

6915. EMBLEM, R. E. Last heard of from Crystal City, Manitoba. News

Headquarters' Specials.

Simultaneous Salvation Campaign.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

Riverdale—Thursday, Nov. 12th, assisted by Staff-Captain Allwell and his Brigade.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

Brantford—Saturday and Sunday, November 14th and 15th.
Hamilton—Saturday and Sunday, November 21st and 22nd.

Peterborough, Saturday and Sunday, November 28th and 29th.

BRIGADIER POTTER.

Esther Street—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 15th.

Chester—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHALL.

Temple—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 15th.

Lisgar St.—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

MAJOR RAWLING.

Dovercourt—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 15th.

Parliament St.—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, November 30th.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Wychwood—Thursday, Nov. 5th, to Oshawa—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Tuesday, Nov. 24th.

Bloomington—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, December 7th.

Uxbridge—Saturday, December 12th, to Tuesday, Dec. 22nd.

Lindsay—Saturday, January 2nd, to Tuesday, January 12th.

MAJOR WILFRED CREIGHTON.

Lisgar Street, Thursday, Nov. 12th to Monday, Nov. 15th.

SALVATION MINSTRELS.

Lisgar St.—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4th and 5th. Chief Secretary on the 5th.

East Toronto—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 15th.

Swansea—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ARNOLD'S BRIGADE.

Parliament St.—Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Monday, Nov. 15th.

Wychwood—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ATTWELL'S BRIGADE.

Riverdale—Wednesday, Nov. 11th, to Monday, Nov. 15th. Chief Secretary on Thursday, 12th.

Dovercourt—Thursday, Nov. 26th, to Monday, Nov. 30th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MANTON.

Guelph—Saturday, Nov. 21st, to Sunday, Nov. 29th.

ADJUTANT THORKILDSON.

Of Glen Vowell Indian Settlement, will visit the following places in the interests of our work amongst the British Columbian Indians:

Lindsay—Thursday, Nov. 12th.

Uxbridge—Friday, Nov. 13th.

Massey Hall—Sunday, Nov. 15th with the Chief Secretary.

Hamilton—Monday, Nov. 16th.

Paris—Wednesday, Nov. 18th.

Cait—Thursday, Nov. 19th.

Guelph—Friday, Nov. 20th.

Berlin—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Nov. 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

Stratford—Tuesday, Nov. 24th.

Pefferlaw—Wednesday, Nov. 25th.

Owen Sound—Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29th and 30th.

Winnipeg—Thursday, December 3rd.

STAFF-CAPTAINS TURPIN AND CAVE'S BRIGADE.

Parliament St.—Thursday, Nov. 5th, to Monday, Nov. 8th.

Chester—Thursday, Nov. 19th, to Monday, Nov. 23rd.

Esther St.—Thursday, Dec. 2nd, to Monday, Dec. 7th.

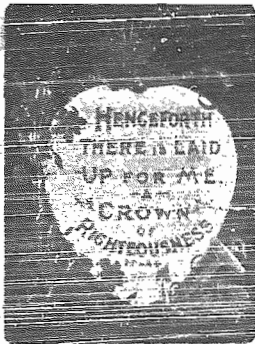
SILENT WITNESSES. SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MOTTOES.

BEAUTIFUL AND UNIQUE DESIGNS.

Crowns of Life.

FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

Size 8½ by 6½. Corded.



A reduction of the series entitled, "Heavenly Crowns." This smaller size makes a very effective card.

TEXTS.

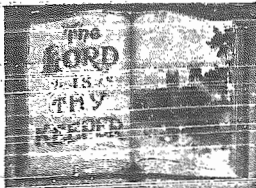
"Set your affection on things above."
"The Lord bless thee and keep thee."
"Win Christ and be found in Him."
"Henceforth there is laid up for me," etc.

Assorted Texts.

The "Open Book."

TEN CENTS EACH.

Size 8 by 6. Corded.



A very fine series, with bold design of Open Book, with Landscape Design, and Texts embossed in silver.

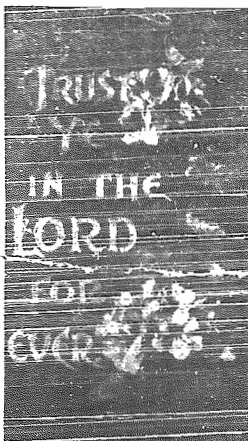
TEXTS.

"He careth for you."
"The Lord is thy keeper."
"Christ is all and in all."
"Certainly I will be with thee."
Assorted Texts and Designs.

Flower Studies.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

Size 14½ by 5. Corded.
Coloured Bevelled Edges.



A new series of Upright Floral Studies, printed in full colours, with artistic backgrounds. Very artistic.

TEXTS.

"Trust ye in the Lord for ever."
"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"
"The Lord hath been mindful of us."
"Let not your heart be troubled."

Sure and Steadfast.

FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

Size 9½ by 6½. Corded.



Fine Design of Anchor and Open Bible, with coloured underlay. Texts and design in silver.

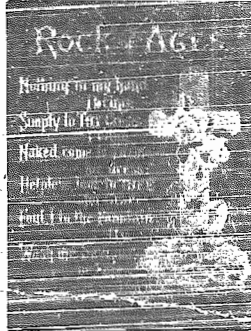
TEXTS.

"God hath power to help."
"Kept by the power of God."
"In Thee is my trust."
"He giveth power to the faint."
Assorted Texts.

Rock of Ages.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

Size 13 by 9½. Silver Bevelled Edges.



TITLES OF VERSES.

Rock of Ages—(Nothing in my hand I bring.)
Abide with Me — (I need Thy presence.)
Nearer, my God, to Thee—(Nearer, my God, to Thee.)
Jesus, Lover of my soul — (Jesus, Lover of my soul.)

Diamond Series.

TWENTY CENTS EACH.

Size 9½ x 7¾; corded thick board; coloured bevelled edges.



A fine series of Floral and Landscape designs, arranged with pretty diamond panel. Selected Scripture Texts, blocked in silver.

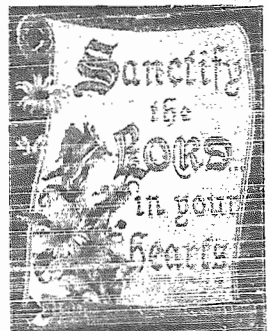
TEXTS.

"I have loved Thee with an everlasting love."
"The Father Himself loveth you."
"We love Him because He first loved us."
"He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father."
Assorted Texts and Designs.

The Scroll Series.

TEN CENTS EACH.

Size 8 by 6. Corded.



A very pretty series, with effective design of Scroll and Fine Floral designs. Texts in Silver.

TEXTS.

"Have faith in God."
"Be strong in the Lord."
"Wait on the Lord and He shall save Thee."
"Sanctify the Lord . . . in your hearts."
Assorted Texts and Designs.

Wallflower Series.

TWENTY CENTS EACH.

Size 9½ by 7¾. Corded.



A fine series of floral designs, with delicate tinted backgrounds. Texts in silver.

TEXTS.

"Dear ye one and love's burdens," etc.
"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."
"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him."
"Lo! I am with you always."
Packed in Boxes of One Dozen Cards.
Assorted Texts and Designs.

Agents Wanted. Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women.
For Particulars Write

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Holiness.

Tunes.—I hear Thy welcome voice,
69, Eh and G; Silchester, 75;
Song Book, No. 419.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord to Thee;
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Thou spotless all and pure.

Still Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace, and
trust,
For earth and heaven above.

Tune.—Living beneath the shade,
248; C and Eb; Song Book, No.
350.

2 If you want pardon, if you want
peace,
If you want sorrow and sighing
to cease;
Look up to Jesus, who died on the
tree,
To purchase a full salvation.

Chorus.

Living beneath the shade of the
cross.

If you want Jesus to reign in your
soul,
Plunge in the fountain, and you shall
be whole;
Washed in the blood of the Crucified
One,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want holiness, clinging to the
Cross,
Counting the riches of earth as
dross;
Down at His feet you'll be cleansed
and made free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

War and Testimony.

Tunes.—"Christ for me;" "Behold,
behold the Lamb."

3 Come, let us all unite and sing.
God is love.
Let heaven and earth their
praises bring:
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake.
God is love.

Oh, all to earth's remotest bound,
In Christ we have redemption found!
His blood has washed our sins away,
His spirit turned our night to day,
And now we can rejoice and say,
God is love.

How happy is our portion here!
His promises our Spirits cheer,
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
Our help, our Hope, our Strength
and Stay:
He will be with us all the way,
God is love.

Tune.—Down where the living, 224,
Bb and C; Song Book, No. 234.

4 Once I was far in sin,
But Jesus took me in,
Down where the living waters flow:
"Was there He gave me sight,
And let me see the light,
Down where the living waters flow.

Chorus.

Down where the living waters flow.
With Jesus at my side,
I need no other guide,
Down where the living waters flow.
He is my hope and stay,
He saves me every day,
Down where the living waters flow.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Austria, 162; He is bringing
to His fold, 166.

5 Come, ye sinners, drifting down-
wards,
Weak and wounded, sick and
dying;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able, He is willing, doubt no
more.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' WESTERN TOUR.

NELSON / Saturday and Sunday, November 14 and 15
FERNIE / Monday, November 16
MOOSE JAW / Wednesday, November 18
REGINA / Thursday, November 19
WINNIPEG, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, November 20-23
FORT WILLIAM / Tuesday, November 24

GOL. and MRS. MAPP, the New Chief Secretaries,

will be with the Commissioners at Winnipeg and Fort William, while LIEUT. COLONEL PUGMIRE and Staff-Capt. Morris will accompany throughout the whole tour.

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL ALSO VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

NEWMARKET / Tuesday, December 1
BARRIE / Tuesday, December 1
MONTREAL II / Thursday, December 3
QUEBEC (Opening of New Metropole) / Friday, December 4
MONTREAL I, Saturday and Sunday, December 5 and 6
LIPPINCOTT STREET (Half Night of Prayer) Wednesday, Dec. 9
LISGAR STREET / Thursday, December 10
HAMILTON / Sunday, December 13
DOVERCOURT (Half Night of Prayer) Wednesday, December 16
GUELPH / Thursday, December 17
RIVERDALE (11 a.m. and 3 p.m.) / Sunday, December 20
YORKVILLE (11 a.m. and 3 p.m.) / Sunday, December 27
TEMPLE (Wednesday) / Thursday, December 31
BRANTFORD / Sunday, January 3
STRATFORD / Tuesday, January 5
BERLIN / Thursday, January 7

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you: 'Tis the Spirit's
rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall:
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous; sinners Jesus
came to call.

Tunes.—Sinner, see you light, 271;
Are you washed? 207.

6 Sinner, see you light
Shining clear and bright,
From the Cross of Calvary:
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side
Flowed the blood that sets us
free.

Chorus.

Come away, come away.

In the gloomy shade,
When He knelt and prayed,
Oh, what painful agony!
As His brow was wet,
With bloody sweat
When in dark Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands,
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee:
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save,
Now thy heart, Oh, give to Me!"

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Buntin, Western Province—
Galt, Nov. 13; Berlin, Nov. 13;
Brantford, Nov. 14, 15; Paris, Nov.
16; Tilsonburg, Nov. 17; Simcoe,
Nov. 18, 19; Woodstock, Nov. 20;
Ingersoll, Nov. 21-23.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Peterborough, Nov. 11, 12; Mill-
brook, Nov. 13; Port Hope, Nov. 14,
15; Cobourg, Nov. 16, 17; Trenton,

Nov. 18, 19; Bloomfield, Nov. 20; Plo-
ton, Nov. 21, 22.

Captain Gilkinson, Eastern Province—
Glance Bay, Nov. 9-12; New Aber-
deen, Nov. 13-15; Dominion, N.Y.,
16-17; Whitney Pier, Nov. 18, 19;
North Sidney, Nov. 20-22; Sidney,
Mines, Nov. 23, 24.

THE MASSEY HALL

During the Winter a Series of
Striking Sunday Night Special
Meetings will be held in this
Hall. The following are the
Fixtures for the Months of
November and December:

A GREAT HINDOO DEMONSTRATION—By
the Chief Secretary—Sunday Nov. 15

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND AND FESTIVAL
CHOIR OF 150 VOICES—Lieut.-Col.
Howell and Brigadier Morris—Sunday
Nov. 22

SHADOWS OF THE CROSS (Illustrated) By
THE COMMISSIONER—Sunday Nov. 29

DARKEST AMERICA (Illustrated) by Lieut.-
Col. Damon—Sunday Dec. 6

WOMEN'S SOCIAL SERVICE—By MRS.
COMMISSIONER COOMBS—Sunday
Dec. 13

FROM BETHLEHEM TO CALVARY—Re-
peated by THE COMMISSIONER—Sun-
day Dec. 20

THE LIFE OF CHRIST—(Illustrated) by
THE COMMISSIONER—Sunday Dec. 27

COLONEL MAPP,

Canada's New Chief Secretary, As-
sisted by

LIEUT. COLONEL GASKIN,

the Field Secretary, will conduct
meetings as follows:

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sunday, December 8th—Public Salva-
tion meetings all day, in the St.
John's I. Citadel.

Monday, December 7th—St. John's II,
Special Demonstration.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Saturday, December 12th—Westville,
Salvation Meetings.

Sunday, December 13th—New Glas-
gow, Salvation Meetings all day.

Monday, December 14th—Halifax I,
United Salvation Demonstration.

Tuesday, December 15th—St. John I,
N. B. United Salvation Demon-
stration.

EAST ONTARIO.

Thursday, December 17th—Montreal
I, United Salvation Demonstration.

THE SIMULTANEOUS

Soul-Saving Campaign SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman,

The First Salvation Army Captain,
will conduct Great Soul-Saving
Meetings as follows:

BONAVISTA, November 11th to
15th.

CATALINA, November 16th.

CARBONAR, November 17 to 22nd.

HARBOR GRACE, November 23rd
to 27th.

BAY ROBERTS, November 25th to
27th.

GRAND BANK, November 29th to
December 1st.

FORTUNE, December 2nd.

ST. JOHN'S I., December 10th to
14th.

COLONEL BRENGLE,

the great American Revivalist from
New York, also Author of "Helps to
Holiness" and "The Way of Holiness,"
will visit the following places:
Hamilton, I, II, and III, November
4th to 16th.
Brantford, November 18th to 23rd.
Woodstock, November 25th to 30th.
St. Thomas, December 2nd to 7th.
London, December 9th to 14th.
Chatham, December 16th to 21st.
(Other Appointments to follow.)

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS,

Who has been an Officer over Thirty
years, from International Head-
quarters, will conduct
GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS
as follows:

Farrabro, November 14th to 19th.

Springhill, November 21st to 26th.

Amherst, November 28th to Decem-
ber 1st.

Sussex, N. B., December 5th to 10th.

St. John III, December 12th to 17th.

St. John V, December 19th to 24th.

St. John I, December 26th to 31st.
(Other appointments to follow.)

MAJOR and MRS. TOM PLANT,

From International Headquarters,
London, England: Musical Won-
ders, world-wide travellers, Song-
sters and instrumentalists, will
visit the following Corps, conduct-
ing a unique Musical Demonstra-
tion entitled, "Round the World in
a Chariot of Mule and Song!"

North Bay, November 12th.

Sturgeon Falls, November 18th to
19th.

Sudbury, November 16th to 18th.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., November
19th, 20.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., November 21st
to 23rd.

Fort William, November 26th and
27.

Port Arthur, November 28th and 29th.
Kenora, December 1st and 2nd.
Belkirk, December 3rd and 4th.